

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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"UNITY."

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NOTES.

That was a neat compliment to Dr. Holmes in the New York *Graphic*, when the writer said, "About three minutes after he reaches Heaven, Dr. Holmes will read a poem." Of this the Rochester *Herald* says, "This is one of the most powerful incentives to piety that we have seen for some time."

Joseph May of Philadelphia has recently been preaching on "A Hard Virtue," which in his mind means living "peaceably with all men." In this discourse he condemns the handling or owning of "a miserable revolving pistol," if for no other reason than the undisputable fact that such a machine nearly always shoots the wrong person.

Many of our Western readers will be grieved to know of the bereavement of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Cooke, now of W. Dedham, Mass., in the death of their eldest daughter, Mabel, who died on the 4th inst., of diphtheria. Mr. Cooke was one of the first editors of *UNITY*, and on behalf of his many friends

in Wisconsin, Indianapolis and other parts throughout the West, we extend to him sympathy.

Through a clerical blunder the report of the secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, published in last issue, indicates the growth of the audience in attendance upon the Unitarian church at Madison for the year ending May 1, 1883, as four instead of one-fourth, which it should be. No society in the West has grown with a steadier pulse this last year than this one, located at the second university town of the West.

The *Sower* in the midst of anniversary congratulations and in the face of the accumulated statistics of church officials is sane enough to stop and make the following reflections:

God knows, for even man knows, that the moral power of the American churches is greatly weakened by the prevalence of worldliness, by the low standard of principle, by the substitution of profession and cant for character; by holding doctrinal soundness as better than "mere morality;" by smothering honest thought in insincere assent to creeds which intelligence has left behind; and by the persistent use of words and phrases, once full of sweet and wholesome juices, but now so dry that they rattle.

The *Normal Examiner and Teacher*, an educational journal of Indiana, in a review of Simmons' "Unending Genesis," thinks that it is "more wonderful that God should have finished the work of creation in six days than that he should have been several thousand years in doing it." We are afraid that this schoolmaster is still in the mood of the child, who thinks only those things wonderful that are startling, exceptional and audacious. But is it not the province of the teacher to teach that which is true rather than that which is wonderful?

Our exchanges, particularly those representing the religious press of Chicago, have all had their say concerning the Unitarian conference recently held in this city, and have been, in the main, heartily uncomplimentary. We have read the criticisms patiently. What is false we pass by in the conviction that an error in one paper is poorly corrected by any statement which may appear in another. What is true in these criticisms we accept, hoping that they may teach us humility and stimulate us to do better.

If a historian be both wise and fervent, that is, if he be not a partisan on the one hand but simple and just in mind, and on the other hand not merely curious or scientific in purpose, but with a heart and soul to know the Power which "worketh hitherto" to make a bad thing as if it had never been, he will see great wonders and will be a prophet, reading the eldest scriptures writ by the Divine Hand without mediation. Joseph Allen, in his work on Christian history in the Middle Age, says: "Freedom is often crushed and silent; it is never quite killed. It disappears like water spilt on the ground, but only to bubble out in some new place"—words which have a prophetic ring.

J. V. B.

The *Woman's Journal*, speaking of "The New Testament Studies of a Layman," just published by George H. Ellis, and reviewed in another column of this paper, says:

This is one of a class of books which would have been impossible a hundred years ago. It examines the gospel narratives with a calm, dispassionate scrutiny, devoid alike of faith, enthusiasm or veneration on the one hand, or of disbelief or skepticism on the other. In a matter-of-fact way it examines "the authentic documents in which are found the traditions of the origin of Christianity. It seeks 'to ascertain what they indicate in reference to the character, opinions, and controlling purposes of Jesus.'"

Without expressing any opinion on these difficult and controverted topics, we commend the book for a tone of candor and a spirit of research which make us feel that we are not reading a mere plea or argument, but a careful attempt to sift the evidence and arrive at an unbiased conclusion.

What we cannot do ourselves always seems remarkable and unaccountable. This means two good things. It means that the best things we do are those we do by native and spontaneous quality, the better for training and deliberate thought, but yet so done as that Nature seems to speak through us by the joyful ease of our performance. It means also opportunity to admire each other. For after all, no one can admire himself very profoundly, and humility is an essential condition of getting anything done in the finest way at our hands; so that the very most excellent things we do are those on which we least plume ourselves, and things we cannot do at all we admire with wonder. This is important, for I know hardly any attitude of mind more salutary than a generous admiration of others.

J. V. B.

The *Inquirer* of London has been on the track of "The American Anthropological University" of St. Louis, that is in the habit of distributing generously "D. D's" or any other dignified combination of letters to obscure Englishmen through a "London Office." Our friend Mr. Learned has under-

taken to locate the institution, but after diligent search has been unable to find any trace of it in the St. Louis directory or in any shape whatever locate it there, and it turns out pretty clearly to be a London fraud. Perhaps some American victims are lying in wait for these manufacturers of sheepskin, so we will print the closing portion of Mr. Learned's letter, hoping, however, that no readers of *UNITY* are in need of this warning.

"And yet, I suppose, the 'institution' will still go on selling diplomas and degrees, and it is very doubtful if those who wear these empty honors can be at all convinced that they have been deceived by a very cheap and transparent sham. In many cases their conceit will be more than equal to the emergency.

"I send by the same mail several St. Louis papers fully indicating their estimate of this business. All our leading papers, daily and other (since I received the papers alluding to the continued existence of this fraud), have called attention to it. There is little doubt, however, that, except some very light clerical work done here, the whole matter is worked up in and emanates from London. *Some one there finds out the susceptible parties*, perhaps manufactures the diplomas. You will see this implied in one of the letters referred to where the "Edinburgh University of St. Louis" has furnished the degree of 'Mus. Doc. Edin. Univ.' through its agent in your city.

"If this communication will do anything to save any innocent man from spending his money for naught, or to exhibit any pretender in his true colors, you are welcome to make such use of it as seems best.

"J. C. LEARNED."

BOSTON ANNIVERSARIES.

It has been generally said and agreed to, that the meetings this year have been unusually interesting. The Unitarians said it, the Free Religionists agreed to it and the Universalists found themselves of the same opinion. If our orthodox friends were also unusually bright and happy we do not wish to know it—as all this extraordinary felicity would seem to be the result of something cosmical upon whose agency we do not usually count.

The most marked exception was the first meeting, the business meeting, of the Unitarian Association. It is no doubt quite necessary to have a program arranged beforehand in such a meeting, but it makes the meeting dull nevertheless. A subject of considerable interest was introduced by Rev. H. N. Brown concerning a change in the by-laws of the Association, but just as we became fairly interested in the matter all debate was shut off by the cast-iron order of business. If such an inflexible order is necessary, as we make no doubt it is, would it not be well to be careful not to discuss any subject at all? Mr. Brown should have presented his proposed amendment without note or comment, and then we could have seen the propriety of stopping Rev. Russell Bellows when he wished to discuss his proposed amendments. These amendments look toward making the Association a delegate body. Mr. Brown's apports the dele-

gates among the Churches that contribute to the Association according to the amount they contribute. That proposed by Mr. Bellows would give a church delegates whether it contributed or not. Neither change seems to us of much practical importance. The voting body will remain almost exactly what it is now in either case, and with one little business meeting in the year, of about three hours, no popular interest could be aroused even if those present were all called delegates. But there are important questions behind this movement which we reserve for further discussion at another time.

The platform meeting, on Tuesday evening in Music Hall was much more fully attended than that of a year ago, and was a more wide-awake meeting. No one made a better speech during the evening than our brother Herford, of whose phenomenal success in Boston his Chicago friends may well be proud. His subject was the Bible, and the sentence of the speech that I best remember will serve to illustrate the whole. The sentence began with an allusion to something that Mr. Savage had very finely said and which had been greeted with applause, to the effect that everything, every tree, or brook, or stone, or star may be called a word of God. Mr. Herford said, "Shall I find in these objects of Nature the Divine Word, as indeed I do, and not hear God speaking in the thoughts of man? not hear his voice in the great words spoken by the mighty men of old?"

On Wednesday, the Berry St. Conference met in Mr. Herford's church on Arlington St. This is a meeting for ministers only, no laymen, women or reporters admitted. Its exercises consist of an essay, followed by a perfectly frank and free discussion. It is always an interesting occasion and has given us in the past some of the very best things that our ministers have ever said. The essay this year was by Rev. H. W. Foote, and again the Bible was discussed as well as loyalty to Christ. Mr. Foote is one of the most broadly liberal men among us in his spirit, feeling and intention, but one of the most old-fashioned and conservative in what he says. Whatever he meant to say, he seemed to at least one listener to set forth the view that if there had been no Bible the world could not have known anything of God, and if there had been no Jesus there could have been no salvation. In the discussion which followed, Mr. Chadwick stoutly opposed this presentation of the subject. He characterized such views of the

Bible as "atheistic,"—meaning no doubt that if he depended upon the Bible alone for a knowledge of the Divine Being it would make an atheist of him. Mr. Ames, as has sometimes happened before within the memory of man, made the speech that was voted best of all. He began: "The Bible is a product; Jesus was a product; and we are products too." He brought out the thought of the natural growth of our religion; the development of the Bible and of Christianity and of man, as indeed one thing—the growth of humanity.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Baldwin had his usual brilliant array of speakers and crowded hall to celebrate the prosperity and greatness of the Y. M. C. U. Mr. Baldwin must always have some speakers who are not Unitarian, to preserve the undenominational character of the Union. Sometimes, doubtless, the quality of the speaking is improved by this widening of the circle from which speakers are chosen, but this year was not one of the times. There were no orthodox speeches equal to those of Mr. Herford and Mr. Clarke. The meeting of the Sunday-school society in King's Chapel on Thursday would (in our Western judgment) have fallen far behind our Western Sunday-school meeting except for a speech by Mrs. Livermore. "Next to being well born," she said, "it is of the greatest importance to a child to be rightly educated." Dwelling briefly upon the laws of inheritance that make it necessary in the education of a child to begin with its grandfather, she came soon to the subject of moral education. She believed in Sunday-schools as important factors in this work. The influence of the teacher she illustrated from her own experiences both as teacher and scholar, in her most frank and pleasing manner. Whether she threw any particular light upon the many difficult questions that we are all asking ourselves in regard to the Sunday-school, or not, she made us all feel the very great value of personal influence as an educational force.

The great meeting of the week is the festival in Music Hall, Thursday evening. Here come the weary-looking ministers and their anxious-looking wives for their annual refreshment. As Dr. Holmes, who presided, said, "many of them must feel in need of refreshment." And since I have come upon it I cannot do better than to quote some paragraphs of this admirable address, which, by the way, contained about all the theology that we had during the feast. Those who wish to read it all will find a full report in the *Christian Register* of June 2d:

There was a time when Unitarianism was forced to be sharply aggressive. It had to work hard to humanize a de-humanized theology. But the theology of our orthodox brotherhood is humanizing itself fast enough now, with very little need of our assistance. When a boy gets hold of a green apple he "mellows" it with his thumbs to help it to soften, if not to ripen. But when it yields at once to pressure, he knows that it is ripening of itself, if not absolutely ripe. There is not a bough on the great tree of the Protestant Church where there is not some fruit ripening—its dogmas softening so that a human being can swallow them without dying of convulsions or indigestion. Have we not already the great family of Smiths on both sides of the Atlantic, and shall we not have the Browns, too, before long, softening the old creeds into something of a rational consistency? It seems to me that Unitarianism, or, if you will, liberal Christianity, was never in such a placid, amiable, expansive, receptive condition as at this blessed day. Unitarianism has done most of her scrubbing and scouring, and is now dressed and sitting up waiting to receive visitors, many of whom, like Nicodemus, come by night.

* * * * *

Recognizing with Paul the need of testing the reasonableness of our spiritual beliefs, the application of this belief has led the liberal Christian, so called, and is in a fair way of leading many religious bodies, to the rejection or silent relinquishment of certain doctrines which have formed the basis of theological systems.

One of these is the historical fall of man, with the consequent introduction of death and the special penalty of woman, and the establishment of hostile relations between the Creator and the human race from their birth. No one has formulated this last consequence more incisively than Jonathan Edwards in the following words, which some of my orthodox friends could not believe I quoted correctly: "As innocent as children seem to be to us, yet if they are out of Christ they are not so in God's sight, but are young vipers, and are infinitely more hateful than vipers." My comment upon this shall be that which the eloquent and famous Dr. John Mason of New York, a Boanerges of evangelical Christianity, uttered from the pulpit with reference to one of the noblest passages in Pope's "Universal Prayer," it is "the most damnable lie." The liberal Christians openly, and great numbers in the so-called orthodox churches in their esoteric confessions substituted the eternal hope for man in the place of the eternal vengeance of his Heavenly Father.

The passage in the above quotation representing Unitarianism with all her scrubbing done sitting up dressed to receive company fairly represents the spirit of the festival. Indeed there was so much of this congratulating each other that the wars are all over that one almost feared to rub his eyes lest he awake to find it all a dream.

Time fails us to even name the other speakers of the festival, though we would gladly quote from the Peabodys, Hodge, Clarke and Frothingham. It surely seemed indicative of the near approach, if not of the actual arrival of the millennium to hear O. B. Frothingham proclaiming at a Unitarian festival that all was peace—he, who was once described by Dr. Bellows as more *ultra* than even the left wing, "one of the feathers that the bird seems to have dropped," recalling the old days of conflict said, "They are all gone, the time has gone by when anybody need dissent or take a new departure or come out from this body."

This exceeding peace may be in part due to the conviction that debate is useless, and that only work will win. The Free Religious Association still lives and its meetings on Friday were well attended, though not so well as twelve years ago. Neither

was the speaking so fervent or striking as in the older days. Chadwick discoursed of Darwinianism and it should go without saying that his speech was interesting and able. He urged that we might better judge of the religion or religious tendency of Darwinism than Darwin himself. That Darwin's concession to Theism in *Origin of Species*, that God might have created a few forms of life to begin with, or one at least, was inconsistent with his system, which could not be a system without the doctrine of spontaneous generation. It belongs in the theory, though as yet unverified. God and immortality did not belong to the theory, though they might not be inconsistent with it. The speaker seemed to be a Darwinian, but he closed with a very earnest declaration of his belief in immortality.

The Free Religious Festival in the evening was better attended than the other meetings, and better too by far than twelve years ago. T. W. Higginson presided and there were speeches by Frederick Douglass, Samuel Longfellow, Chadwick, Applebee, Anna Garlin Spencer, Mrs. Bisbee and others and a poem by M. J. Savage. Mr. Higginson as a presiding officer is scarcely excelled even by the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and his witty and graceful introductions added much to the pleasure of the occasion. There were no long speeches, no extreme sentiments, no ranting, no castigating the Unitarians nor the orthodox, plenty of mutual admiration; and, in short, but for names and faces one could not have said that it was not a Unitarian festival.

D. N. U.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

The *Shelbyville Union*, a Republican paper published in Shelbyville, Ill., celebrated its twentieth anniversary the other day by issuing a double number, loaded with the reminiscences, centering chiefly around the interests and the causes that gave it birth. On the ninth of May, 1863, it made its appearance with the following

"PROSPECTUS."

"THE SHELBY COUNTY UNION will be devoted to the suppression of the rebellion in the South, and Copperheadism in the North: \$2 a year, in advance."

It appeared in a community that was bitterly and aggressively treasonable and all the terrors of war as well as the high inspirations and the noble impulses incident to such a period were around and within it. There is that in the editorials and other reading matter that is reprinted in this issue that still has in it the power of thrilling the reader. It makes the pulse beat once more with that strength

that expurgates from our vocabulary all the small words that apply to petty cares, small wants and the common-place. We read in this paper that one of the first substantial endorsements received by the publisher was one hundred and sixty dollars subscription money received from soldiers in the field, that the paper warrior at home might not succumb to the "enemy in the rear."

Here is an incident for a poet to weave into the coming epic:

"One day last week, Mrs. Julia A. Pritchard, who is between ninety and a hundred years old, came the distance of ten or twelve miles to place in the hands of Captain Smith her mite for the benefit of the soldiers, it being twenty-five cents, and then she went home to knit socks for the soldiers."

To us at least the most interesting parts of this reminiscence are those furnished by our dear friend and fellow worker, Jasper Douthit. He was then just beginning to preach his gospel of liberty, which for those times of course was accented with patriotism and national zeal. In this paper he discloses, we suspect for the first time, some of the secrets of those exciting days. The way he came into possession of an explosive speech made at a secret session of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," urging the organizing of bush-whacking bands in the North, is here told for the first time. This speech was published at the time in the St. Louis papers and the *Christian Register* of Boston, and spread alarm and consternation throughout the North. It was currently believed for years by the members of that ignominious organization that "Jasper" had concealed himself in the loft of the school-house where the meeting was held and had listened through the stove-pipe hole, but the real report came from George W. Douthit, now of sainted memory, then of such youthful years that he was allowed to remain in the meeting, no one suspecting his interest or his intelligence.

We also read of how Mr. Douthit undertook the dangerous work of enrolling the county for the draft, consenting to the precautions of changing his coat, hat and horse from day to day, in order to evade some of the shot-guns that were in wait for him. Years afterward when the clouds had scattered and the name of Jasper Douthit came to be respected in nearly every home in the county, he was made the father confessor of many of these very men who sought his life. Some of these experiences he recounts, as the following:

Years afterward one of these persons confessed to me that he with others had resolved on shooting me if I was found in that region, "and," said he, "I shall always be thankful that we did not know you were there until you had done the work and gone." * * * One of

the number was converted in a revival meeting many years after, and on the next morning he mounted a horse and rode five miles to say: "Douthit, I was induced by Tory Woods to sign what I knew was not true about you, and I have been ashamed of it ever since, but I could never get courage to ask your pardon till now; will you forgive me?" I had already forgiven him and everybody else.

One night a dozen shots were fired through the open door of Mr. Douthit's house about midnight, but when this preacher-officer appeared at the door in his night-clothes, the marauding heroes fled, the house being supposed to be the repository of a large number of government arms. The following account of Mr. Douthit's attempt to arm himself will be appreciated by all those who know him:

A few days after the above shooting an army friend persuaded me to take home a six-shooter belonging to him, remarking that it was a duty I owed my friends and my country to use it in self-defense, if attacked. It was ready loaded and I carried it home and practiced with it at an object the size of a man about ten steps distant, until all the barrels were empty. I missed the object every time, but it was not the fault of the revolver, and then, laughing at myself for my folly, I laid the revolver away empty and made haste to return it to its owner in good order. That was the whole extent of my carnal warfare during all "the unpleasantness."

We cannot forego the pleasure of making one more quotation, illustrating as it does some of the amenities of war. The kindly words whispered in the ear at the critical moment represent the large catalogue of unrecorded inspirations. Many a man on the eve of doing a more cowardly thing than Brother Douthit was ever capable of, has been changed into a hero by some kindly word of encouragement, whispered at the opportune moment by some humble brother or sister, whose part in the strife eludes all recording, save that one which alone is important.

Many are the memories of encouraging words that were whispered or spoken aloud in hours of trial. About the time I preached the sermon on "The True Path to Peace," it was resolved by several who were opposed to my views that I should be silenced and sent out of the world with dispatch if I persisted in expressing such sentiments and praying for the President of the United States. Accordingly, one bright Sunday morning at the hour I had appointed for services, a large crowd gathered in and around the little log school-house. They were armed with shotguns, rifles, revolvers, bowie knives and heavy clubs, canes, etc. They looked sour and surly. The congregation gathered and filled the house. If any of my friends were armed I did not know it. Scarcely a word was spoken by any one. The time came to begin service. A deathly silence reigned as I took my seat in the pulpit. Everybody seemed to be asking themselves, What next? Just then a quiet, conservative man whom I had never known to take any active part in any meetings and whom I did not know as being in sympathy with me, walked gently up the aisle and drawing near to my ear, whispered: "Douthit, go on and preach and pray as you think is right. There is plenty of us to stand by you." I was determined to do that anyhow, and did clear my conscience very well that day. Nevertheless I have always regarded that action of so modest and quiet a man as a sort of special inspiration. Has he forgotten the deed? I shall never cease to remember with gratitude how I then and there thanked God and took more courage.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table once apostrophized war as a diviner teacher than peace, saying—

"As the wild tempest wakes the slumbering sea,
Thou only teachest all that man can be."

The reading of such annals as these justify the

lines, and we lay these verbal offerings of ours, if not too late, with the floral offerings that on the 30th of May were laid by loving hands upon the mounds of those comrades, who, in dying, proved that humanity is rich in hero-stuff. Let us remember these annals, that show us the possibilities of human nature.

Contributed Articles.

SHADOWS.

LILY A. LONG.

Over the meadow of bending grass
Hurry the sunset shadows fleet;
Lightly they scale the garden wall,
They cling to the sunflowers, straight and tall,
And cradle the clovers at their feet.

They capture the roses, heavy with sleep,
They fling all the banners of Evening free,
They chase the last sunbeams among the trees
As, slowly retreating, the Daylight flees,
And troop from the West over wold and lea.

They peep through the panes of the farmhouse old
And dance in a weary woman's eyes;
But, like the man the Pilgrim found,
She evermore bends to rake the ground,
Blind to the glories of sunset skies.

They fly to the field where the farmer binds
The heavy grain through the summer day.
By the creed of toil he shapes his life;
What cares he for the merry strife
Of idle shadows that dare to play?

They climb the hill to the churchyard lone
Where ever and ever the soft winds pass,
Where the skies bend low on summer eves,
And the still dews fall, and the shadows of leaves
Weave their mystical runes on the grass.

And the simple beauty the living scorned
Enfolds the dead, whose day is done,
Rebuking with silent eloquence
The careless blindness of soul and sense
That shut life's windows against the sun.

Oh, the lives that drag through threescore years
And come to the end with empty hands!
Oh, the days that come and the days that go,
The suns that rise and the winds that blow,
Waste as the rain on desert sands!

The night comes down over farm and hill,
Gathering all to its tender breast,
And while the steadfast stars on high
Lean and look from the brooding sky,
It hushes the weary world to rest.

LINES.

(ON BEGINNING A STUDY OF ROBERT BROWNING.)

ELLA A. GILES.

Ah, who can mourn at vanished youth
While verdant meads of dewy truth
Unroll each day before the eyes,
Keeping alive that glad surprise,
Which old age misses all the while
When wisdom ceases to beguile?
The unending Genesis of things
We view at every step; the springs
Of youth eternal sparkling lie
O'er all these meads. Blest infancy
Of spirit-sense! On one small page
Shine tropic truths so rare, that age
Under their fragrant influence keeps
The blissful wonderment that steep
The baby mind in sweet content!
O books divine! God-eloquent!
Into my fading life you brought
Perennial bloom, perpetual thought.
And never while I drink your wine,
Can old age touch this soul of mine.

Madison, Wis.

STORIES FROM BROWNING—II.

ALBERT WALKLEY.

EASTER-DAY.

One Easter-night my friend and I sat together, and as a matter of course our conversation took a religious turn. Silent for a time we sat, when I opened the conversation with: How very hard it is to be a Christian! To this my friend replied, that the whole or chief difficulty lies in believing. Why, if you only believe, and cast away your doubts, earth becomes nothing, heaven everything. True, very true indeed. There lies the difficulty; it is the point on which all turns, said I. But again he asked, may not faith be just the act God requires in order to make known to you his ways? And after all is not it better to be on the safe side, believe or think you believe, then renounce the world, deny yourself a few brief years of natural pleasure? Possibly, but I tell you, I love the world, its rocks and rivers, its clouds and flowers, its men and women, its music and philosophy, and I do not wish to give it up. And yet let me give you this story of what happened to me one Easter-night as I sat alone waiting for the coming of the morning. But stop a minute, you know it is my nature to risk all on a single endeavor. I have no desire to hide from myself the worst—let it come. And so this Easter-night, of which I speak, I asked myself the question: If this minute I were to die what would become of me? Oh, that I knew, even if in knowing it was shown eternal death was my due! At all cost let me know! This is my nature.

Well, now to my story. It was midnight and in spite of my desire to remain awake I dozed; for I was weary with a day's watching, and about that time, on a clear, cold spring night the heavens had been glorious with the brilliant Northern Light. These, too, filled my thought. No wonder then that in my dream, for I surely did dream, the dome of heaven spread out before me. It was on fire; cloud touching cloud seemed to lend to each other somewhat of their fire. At intervals the fire would shrink back and reveal the black outlines of the universe—its unburned net-work; and then in added fierceness it would again burst out. The world, this world of ours, was soon caught up by the universal blaze. And yet, I was not consumed. No, there I stood, myself, alone, not another by. No white throne, no opened books, no assembled nations, and yet it was Judgment. Nay, more, I saw no Judge, I heard no noise, and yet I knew I had been judged. For a Voice beside me, almost a voice within me, said: Life is done; Time ends; Eternity's begun, and thou art judged forevermore. There I stood sentenced, with the world mine; for I had chosen the world and it was given me. My God! is this a dream? Horrible! And just as I thought I should be able to control myself I heard the Voice. It was the voice of the Spirit of Justice whose form appeared unto me like a pillar of smoke, so majestic, so dark was he, and so wrapped his mantle in massive folds about him. And as the Voice uttered itself I felt a mass—no man was I. "Thou hast chosen the world; thou hast thought it an end, not a means. But take it, all of it is yours. Glut thy sense upon the world, it is thine forever."

"God be praised, but hast thou," said I, "spoken plainly; is the world mine—mine with all its treasures of wonder and delight?"

"Aye, it is yours—enjoy it. But one word. You must know that when God wishes to punish the unjust He gives him every opportunity to usurp at will. He piles gold before the miserly and He gives you the world. Take it, but there is to be no progress in your being. The world you wished to enjoy unrestrained is yours. I take it, its music, its philosophy, its gorgeous scenes of land and water. Go then, take all, not for what they promise, but for what they are. Take the landscape for itself and not because it is but the ante-chamber to higher beauty—not because it is the mantle of spirit. Take music, sculpture and philosophy for themselves and not as mere expressions of the deep thoughts of spirit which know no language here. It was God's idea that all these should fit the soul for the deeper beauty and truth, not fill it."

At this my soul grew sick. "But may I not love?" I asked. The Voice replied "'Tis somewhat late and yet it is a thing for rejoicing that even now the *show* of love stirs thy heart, and yet for the real great love thou art late." "I plead," again I cried, "that if all else has gone let not hope go—let me still think that I may yet reach the Better

Land." Then Mercy shone in Justice and God pressed me to his bosom.

So I awoke, to believe that to honest desire to do right, be the creed e'er so unchristian, the gate of heaven is ever open; to sincerity there can be no sentence pronouncing banishment from God. It is Easter, the Christ you say has risen. Let it mean what it may to you, this meaning it is gradually taking for me, that there is a resurrection from life to a broader life, from light to fuller light.

"NIAGARA REVISITED."

GRACE CURTIS.

Some years ago Mr. Howells published a book called "Their Wedding Journey." We read the book with much interest, because the places described were familiar scenes to us, and the book renewed our memories pleasantly. It was a description of travel, nothing more. Isabel and Basil March, as wedding journeyers in general, and Bostonians in particular, are capable of passing judgment upon gods and men. They detail everything of interest between Boston and Niagara. The description is always good, often charming, and the book is full of sparkling wit and satire. A delicate thread of humor runs through it all, and like all Mr. Howells' works, it is pleasant reading.

Isabel and Basil, however, are mere puppets of the show, skilfully manipulated to repeat the roles of the scene. They are amusing creations of a fertile fancy. They are far from being representative characters. For lovers, they see too much. They note every detail of the scenes they pass, the people they see. All this makes a charming book of travel, but not a wedding journey; or if so, it is Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

If we examine Isabel and Basil personally, we find them always self-conscious, always posing, always vulgar. They analyze every emotion till it becomes tawdry. Their talk of love lacks the ring of truth. They talk too much.

There is a charming little German love song of Halm's which might teach this bridal couple worthy lessons. It runs:

Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen,
Was ist denn Liebe, sag?
"Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag."

Und sprich, woher kommt Liebe?
"Sie kommt und sie ist da!"
Und sprich, wie schwindet Liebe?
"Die war's nicht, der's geschah."

Und was ist reine Liebe?
"Die ihrer selbst vergisst!"
Und wann ist Lieb am tiefsten?
"Wenn sie am stillsten ist!"

Und wann ist Lieb am reichsten?
"Das ist sie wenn sie giebt!"
Und sprich, wie redet Liebe?
"Sie redet nicht, sie liebt!"

This musical little song sounds little like itself in English:—

My heart, I will question thee.

What is love, say?

"Two souls and one thought,
Two hearts and one beat."

And speak, whence comes love?

"It comes, and is there!"

And tell, how is love lost?

"It was not love, that passed."

And what is pure love?

"That which forgets itself!"

And when is love the deepest?

"When it the stillest is!"

And when is love the richest?

"That is it when it gives!"

And say, how talks love?

"It talks not, it loves!"

We find it in our hearts to wonder whether Mr. Howells ever had a wedding journey himself, or ever met with people who were in love?

But we accepted Their Wedding Journey kindly, believing it was offered us as a book of travel; but "Niagara Revisited Twelve Years After their Wedding Journey," which appears in the May *Atlantic* offers itself as a picture of marriage after twelve years. As such, its flimsiness and falsity, its lack of everything that constitutes marriage, its cheap array of beggarly goods, all seems poor and revolting.

We toss Mr. Howells the gauntlet.

In all Mr. Howells' portrayals of married life we find what is poorest pictured. The real delicacy of true love, unflawed of selfishness, escapes his grasp. He deals ever with only the physical bases of the passion. The more subtle relations, those finer lines that constitute the very soul of things, he leaves unreckoned. In this way he—

"takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there."

After twelve years Basil and Isabel revisit Niagara. They want to find their lost youth!

Poor Basil is forty-two and Isabel is thirty-nine when they find their joy in a vanished past. They regret the years, and are sensible themselves, Bostonians as they are, of something lacking.

On reaching Rochester, Basil suggests taking the children to see the fall where Sam Patch made his last leap, but poor Isabel is afraid to disturb her illusions; she says: "Oh! perhaps we have done a wicked thing in coming this journey! We ought to have left the past alone, we shall only mar our memories of all these beautiful places."

This sounds pitiful indeed to those husbands and wives whom the years have knit together by all the tender sacredness of love, and by the mystery of births.

Poor Isabel and Basil, have no new meanings consecrated the years for you so that the old memories can safely link themselves with the new? Have the buds of your bridal spring brought no fruit to bless your fall of life?

At Niagara, Basil has to pay three dollars to an unexpected demand—Isabel is not with him. He

fears to tell her, and his anxious soul is from that time tormented by harrowing doubts and fears.

Mr. Howells says, "Nothing perhaps marked the confirmed husband in Basil more than these fears and reluctances."

It is in such general statements, drawn from this particular couple, but applied to all, that Mr. Howells shows an erroneous judgment. His generalizations are confined, and therefore lose their point.

Of course this husband and wife revisiting Niagara find only the ghost of their former happiness. At last Basil says: "Do you suppose, Isabel, if you were to lay your head on my shoulder it would do anything to bring us *en rapport* with that lost bridal world again?"

"Basil," she cried, "it would be disgusting! I wouldn't do it for the world, not even *that* world. I saw a middle-aged couple on Goat Island. They were sitting on some stone steps, he a step below her, and he seemed to want to put his head on her knee; but I gazed at him sternly, and he didn't dare. We should look like that if we yielded to any outburst of affection. Don't you think we should?"

"I don't know," said Basil. "You are certainly a little wrinkled, my dear."

"And you are very fat, Basil,"—"and they glared at each other with a flash of resentment."

It is such a picture as this that Mr. Howells draws of marriage.

If there are such as Isabel and Basil, there are more who "wear their rue with a difference," who look deeper than the wrinkles, whose love does not sicken because its object gets fat. These poor souls do not know that it takes many and many a year to really make two people married.

Some may, indeed, begin, as Theodore Parker said, "with brown hair and plump, round, crimson cheeks, but the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of." * *

"Such a large, sweet fruit is a perfect marriage, that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season; but a real happy marriage is one of the things so very handsome, that if the sun were as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle."

Mr. Howells says: "Marriage was not the poetic dream of perfect union that a girl imagines it: it is an ordeal, not an ecstasy. If she and Basil had broken each other's hearts and parted, would not the fragments of their love have been on a much finer, much higher plane? Had not the commonplace, every-day experiences of marriage vulgarized them both?" * * "If Basil had died just before they were married" * *

If this is the only picture of marriage that Mr. Howells can give, "God save the mark!"

Perhaps Mr. Howells might say that there are some such marriages, but we have yet to see the nobler side given by him.

Or possibly Mr. Howells might say that the

writer of this reminds him of Sidney Smith's Scotchman, who needed a surgical operation to get a joke into his head. Perhaps "Niagara Revisited" is a piece of humorous writing.

Unity Club.

REPORT OF THE UNITY CLUB.

MRS. E. E. MAREAN.

[This report was prepared at the request of the secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, to be read at the annual meeting, but was unavoidably omitted on account of the crowded condition of the programme].

Three years ago the report prepared for this society of the work done in different parts of the West by our Unity Clubs or Mutual Improvement Societies included mention of fourteen individual organizations. Of these fourteen we have this year no reports from Grand Haven, Meadville, Mattoon, Iowa City, Lawrence or Indianapolis, but in spite of this falling-off we find that in this circle of Western Unity Clubs there are now, instead of fourteen, more than thirty, all of them justifying their existence by the work done for mental development and for moral influence, and testifying in a greater or less degree to the benefits that may come, both for the individual mind and for the common good, by these organizations. What we need now is for each to understand what the others are doing, that the experience of one may help all the rest. And not that alone. Every time that we draw closer together and interest ourselves in the common work and results, we find an inspiration that helps us in our individual efforts. Hence this report.

These clubs are widely scattered. The statements come from Rochester, N. Y., on the East and from Oakland, Cal., on the West, and from societies in twelve different states. The oldest one is the Mutual Improvement Club of Janesville, which has had an uninterrupted existence for nine years. During this time it has held two hundred and thirty-eight study sessions, averaging at least three written papers an evening, making seven hundred and twenty papers. The subjects of study have been the Lake Poets and their literary neighbors—Emerson, Dickens, the Concord authors, George Eliot, Shakespeare (or twelve plays, the study of which ran through three years), besides studies in art, mythology, minor heroes, minor classics, great humorists, etc. For this year it has been divided into two sections—one of which is the American poet section, for which have been prepared thirteen written studies on Whittier and thirteen on Holmes. The other section gives its attention to "Aids to Commerce" and the twelve studies have discussed light-houses and light-house builders, bridges and bridge builders, the compass, tunnels, docks and wharves, steamboats, elevators, diving bells, and the custom house, its relation to commerce. This club has held as special sessions summer evening meetings and has also had a Longfellow memorial service, and they have maintained occasional lectures. Their report says little of their financial basis, but though they seem too modest to speak of it themselves, it

ought to be mentioned here that they have been of help to the church, not only in an intellectual and spiritual way, but in a material way as well, since they have paid in a liberal amount to the church treasury as their share for use of the church parlors for their meetings. They have a club library of 175 volumes, all books that have a direct bearing upon or are specially useful for the line of study they have pursued. From this library, books may be taken out by the payment of \$1.00 a year. This work speaks for itself and surely those who have shared it have gained not only a better knowledge of the authors they have studied, though that in itself would be worth all the time and labor it has cost, but that kindly sympathy which comes from sincere work together and a common interest in the truer, better thoughts that have been opened to them.

The Unity Club of Cincinnati deserves special consideration partly on account of its seven years' experience and partly that the extensive and successful work it has accomplished has run on somewhat different lines from our other clubs. Its chief feature seems to have been the popular Sunday afternoon lectures which it has maintained ever since its organization, and which have been a source of great interest and practical good not only to the club but to the entire community. This past season the club has devoted its energies to self-culture more than ever before, while still continuing the lectures, and much interest has been developed in courses on Ancient Greece and on Political Economy. The Amusement Committee have provided entertainments of exceptional merit for amateurs, some of which have been made pay entertainments for special charities. As tangible results, their report shows that besides spending about \$100 in the usual club charities, there has been raised for the establishment of a Day Nursery (the responsibility of which is now assumed by the ladies of the church) \$115—for Associated charities \$115, for Ladies' Missionary Society \$35, for Flood sufferers \$100, besides the proceeds of the Sunday lectures which are not yet reported or appropriated.

The Unity Club connected with the Church of Our Father in Buffalo, N. Y., was organized in '76. Its literary meetings are held once a week through the winter and a dramatic and musical entertainment is given once a month. Their work includes studies in successive years on Roman, Greek and French literature, and this season has been given to American authors.

The Unity club of St. Paul, Minn., held its first meeting in April, '77. It holds general meetings on alternate Tuesday evenings, besides which it has classes and branches separately organized, each in charge of a committee, who plan work, allot papers, etc. The calendar of the general meeting shows that their work has covered a wide field, embracing music, art, science, humor, education and reform, varied by dramatic interpretations, lectures, debates and social evenings. The study class of this club have done specially good work. Each season it has undertaken some real study or earnest reading and has devoted its energies entirely to one line of work, believing this the more profitable as well as the more interesting way. One year it studied art history, and in the thirteen evenings spent on this, thirty-three papers were written by twenty-eight different persons, which shows that the active interest was not confined to half a dozen leaders of the club. Other

branches of the club, the reading circles, took up Emerson, Spencer and Dickens in particular and the English literature as a whole. For the last two years the study class has met on Tuesday evenings, alternating with the general club meetings and in this time they have studied in detail the poetry of Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Bryant and Whittier and are now nearly through a course of Emerson's essays and poems. I would like to say here that the thanks of every one of us, who is at all interested in Unity Clubs, or even in the work they are trying to help on, is due to Mr. Gannett for the careful way in which he has elaborated his outlines for the study of these poets and made the work of this club available for others, to whom it can be none the less helpful. Even those who consider themselves most familiar with the writings of these home poets could not conscientiously go through these outlines without feeling their enjoyment of the poets increased and their appreciation deepened. The other departments of the club must be mentioned briefly. They are the Benevolent Society, whose work is to cut and arrange work for applicants, assist women who need employment or clothing, and help various non-sectarian benevolent societies,—the sewing and cutting school where girls are taught to cut and make their own clothes—the church cupboard where supplies for the sick and poor may be collected, a sort of winter side to the Flower Mission, as they say—the free Sunday Reading Room which will be kept open at least until the new Public Library Reading room is ready, and a manager is also appointed to serve as local treasurer for each branch of the City Relief Work, seven in number. Among all these various activities, I must not neglect to mention the Children's Society or Q. F. U. which holds a meeting in the club room every Saturday afternoon. The first hour is spent by work in classes for the church fair, which is held annually in December; the next is spent on alternate Saturdays in dancing and in literary exercises and then they turn into a singing school and have a half-hour's lesson. Last year this society had eighty-four members. And yet this is not all. These little folks have also a chapter of the Agassiz Association and keep up a small vacation reading class which meets weekly through the summer.

I have given the work of these four clubs thus in detail since from their longer experience and thorough method, we newer clubs may gain hints how best to systematize our own.

The Young People's Social Club of Ann Arbor divides its work much like the clubs in Janesville and St. Paul, and has taken up somewhat the same line of study. Holmes, Lowell, Darwin and Spencer are the writers whom they have studied for the past season. Their meetings have been varied by dramatic representations, lectures and socials.

From Madison come reports of a club whose plans are laid somewhat differently. It is called the Contemporary Club, and is divided into five sections—taking respectively contemporary history, recent literature, discoveries and inventions, social science and art—and each section reports at the regular fortnightly meeting whatever has come to notice in that department, always keeping to fresh topics and reporting results rather than processes. The club has also had five lectures this winter.

The Humboldt, Iowa, Club have spent two years with American authors and this year forty papers on American history have been read, followed by music, recitations or a social time generally. A number of lectures have been given, and Shakspeare's play "Merchant of Venice" has been thoroughly studied and successfully played.

From Bloomington, Ill., come reports of a third successful year, and show that a fine Shakspeare programme arranged for fourteen evenings has excited so much interest that the Shakspeare studies will probably be continued another year. These study evenings have been interspersed with social evenings.

The Unity Reading Club of Sheffield has devoted two years to Emerson and by this we feel sure they have done thorough work in this direction—something infinitely better than including a score of names in their programmes. It seems as if a club who try to dispose of Emerson in a single evening could really, three weeks after, know little more either of the man or his writings than before. In Buda is also an Emerson club, besides a reading class.

A distinctive feature of the club connected with Hamilton Church, Oakland, Cal., is their study of Shakspeare's Duke of Gloster, whom they follow until, as King Richard III., he dies.

In Evansville, Ind., the Unity Club gives variety to its meetings by having in turn a social, a dramatic and a literary evening. In Minneapolis we find the Biographical Club, true to its name, studying biographies, not with any plan long ahead, but letting one evening's work suggest another.

In Cleveland, O., the Unity Club has included in its course Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, Coleridge, Irving, Browning, Holmes, Shelley, Hawthorne, Wordsworth and Keats. The work has been divided into biographical sketches, essays on different writings of these authors, and readings. They have also social evenings and occasionally dramatic entertainments and have kept up a course of Sunday evening lectures.

In Rochester, N. Y., a club connected with the Unitarian Church bears the mysterious title "Um-Zoo-Ee." It is chiefly for social purposes and has given entertainments of a high order.

One club in which we must feel special interest is that of Greeley, Col., where books are scarce and a real enthusiasm has to make up for facilities of study and opportunities for reference and comparison. They have studied Shakspeare, Emerson, George Eliot, Kingsley and others, as opportunity offered.

The Welcome Club of Marietta, O., has this year changed its character somewhat. After studying history for two years, it is now holding weekly meetings, has regular essays or readings followed by discussion and with every third evening a social.

Especially good work has been done this past season by the Emerson Class in St. Louis, where the weekly programme consisted of reading, exposition and conversation. One class in that city have also studied prominent French authors, another the history of the eighteenth century and still another have joined with the Unity Club of Cincinnati in studying Political Economy, using the books recommended by the New York Society for Political Education. This subject is one which particularly deserves attention

and might be found interesting and profitable in other clubs.

The Eclectic Club of Davenport, Iowa, have had a series of essays on English history, followed by discussions. A class in Omaha, Neb., has been studying Herbert Spencer's Social Statics, one in Detroit took Egypt and Persia, a Saturday evening class in St. Louis take Shakspeare. Mr. Janson, in Minneapolis, has been delivering lectures on Scandinavian history, and from Denver, Col., come accounts of a class which has been studying Greek philosophy, including collateral literature and history, besides another fortnightly class, which provides programmes consisting of music, essays, recitations, etc., and at each meeting a debate is held on some question of common interest.

One of the new clubs, started the present year, is the Unity of Quincy, Ill., who send an attractive printed programme. It is divided into four sections—Literary, Musical, Dramatic and Social, each in charge of a committee, who arrange the programmes for their respective evenings. Their literary work has been upon Oliver Wendell Holmes. Another new club is in St. Joseph, Mo. In the few months of its existence it has increased its membership from twenty to sixty. As yet it has adopted no regular line of work. The papers, the subjects of which were chosen by the essayists, have covered a wide range of thought, although generally of an ethical character.

The club connected with All Souls church of this city, the youngest of all our clubs, yet claims special kinship with the one in Janesville, the oldest one, since they both owe their existence to the same leader, whose firm guidance and patient wisdom in organization are honored wherever our Unity Clubs exist. The club bent its energies to the study of Browning, perhaps with some misgivings at first, but the growing enthusiasm of all the members and their determination to continue this study indefinitely go to prove the wisdom of the choice. An art section has given opportunity for variety of work. Of those clubs which prefer to take up different subjects through the winter the Fortnightly Club of Kalamazoo has shown unusual wisdom in its choice of topics, having selected those in which a single evening's study would be really profitable—such as Nirvana, Westminster Abbey, Gladstone, The Evolution Theory, Hypatia, Daniel Livingstone, and so on. Here the topic is introduced either orally or by papers as the leader of the evening may prefer and a general discussion follows.

The result seems to be that wherever these Unity Clubs have been established and then supported by the united, willing co-operation of all the members, they have been found helpful in a degree far out-running all early anticipations, both to the individual and to the church life. But this united effort is absolutely necessary in order to obtain the best results, and it will generally be found practicable, whenever it is well understood that the aim of the club is not to produce a high order of original literature, but to come as near as possible to the real spirit of the author or poet, whose works are to be studied. The work should be systematized so far as possible and it is here that the experience of one club helps all the rest. First of all, much, very much, depends on the leader. He should be one able to keep steadily before himself the work of the evening. He must impress upon the minds of the members that

written papers or interpretations should not exceed a given limit—that discussion must have some definite point and whenever it drifts into an aimless talk, it must be cut short and the next point in the evening's work taken up. If this work is divided into separate sections or if different subjects are to be introduced in the same evening, each division must be kept strictly to its appointed time.

At the same time this leader is not absolutely necessary, if only four or five, those perhaps who have rather more experience than the others, will take charge of the meetings and try to keep them in the lines indicated. One of our most successful clubs has no leader and finds in this plan all that it needs for guidance in discussion.

Another great point in club work is gained, when the study for the season is all mapped out before actual work begins. For instance the club once having decided on a plan of work, may appoint a committee, who shall elaborate the plan in detail—divide the work to be gone over in the different evenings, allot the papers to be given with as much consideration as may be for individual capacity or inclination, and thus see to it that when the season is over, some definite point has been reached. Of course all these plans may and will be modified and improved upon in their detail,—one thought suggests another, but all should be arranged to fill out, not to supplant, the original intention.

Mr. Gannett's studies of the American poets, which have been already mentioned in connection with the work of Unity Club, St. Paul, furnish us a model of this style of careful preparation and probably secretaries of the other clubs, who have printed programmes for the season, would furnish copies of them upon application. These would give to any circle, where organized systematic work is new, all it would need in the way of outside help.

It has generally been found the wisest plan to take up but one or two subjects for the season's study—as for instance, the works of some one poet or author might constitute the regular work of each evening, but yet leaving perhaps half an hour to be devoted to a short paper and discussion either on art subjects, reform, single points in science or the like. In this way sufficient variety is secured, while still the work is thorough, as it cannot possibly be when a new author is taken up every evening. This too is more interesting, which is always a great point gained. Generally speaking, the best individual results of a single evening come to those persons who have devoted time and thought to preparation for it, and this individual preparation is much more easily attained when one writer is studied through an entire season. After hearing one or two interpretations or papers connected with some author not already too well-known or upon some subject comparatively new or difficult, the majority of the club will be just beginning to take a warm, personal interest in it all,—they take up their collateral home reading in the same line and it is found that the interest increases steadily from evening to evening, as their acquaintance with the subject becomes more intimate.

And this brings us to another suggestion which may seem at first somewhat paradoxical to those who have not tried it—namely—that for clubs hard work is the easiest. Clubs of experience tell us that it is easier to keep up a strong interest in those poets or authors who in all probability would not be thoroughly read at home, and for the

appreciation of whose writings either careful analysis is necessary as for the essays and poetry of Emerson, close attention to detail, and research into obscure historical or literary corners as for the works of Browning, or comprehensive study as for the French dramatic writers. Besides this, the interest elicited by such work is usually more lasting in its results individually. There is no obstacle in the way of thoroughly enjoying and perhaps even appreciating a poem of Longfellow or Tennyson, in one's own home but Browning's creations often need special care and study to enable a novice to realize their matchless conceptions and development or to find the rich gems, that are nevertheless surely there, and even a poem one has known and loved for years suddenly becomes a rare surprise, as one finds how wonderfully it bears the test of different interpretations in the club discussions.

One thought, which seems important for a real, general interest in the club work, is this—try to so arrange the evening's programme that each member, provided the club is not altogether too large, may take some active part in it. At least, come with questions suggested by the collateral home reading. There will be plenty of them. Or let each one come ready to give some short quotation or sentiment from the author, poem or study of the evening. It has been found well also to have a short preliminary talk, in which all the members may join, on current events of the day—either in the field of politics, art, literature or all these combined. This talk serves to bring the members into social relations one with another, it teaches them to talk out and at the same time it keeps them informed of the best that is going on in the world outside, of the history that is being made around us every day, and this is an important thing for busy people.

In looking over these reports one cannot but feel what a wealth of material there is for such work even in the smallest of these Western towns, and what a pity, what a great pity it is that more of this material is not utilized. One earnest worker can do very much to awaken his friends and neighbors to the need of some intellectual life and to interest them in something besides their daily routine of household or business cares. Brilliant papers are not necessary for the success of these efforts, talented men and women are not necessary. Indeed some of our most successful work has been done in the little places, scattered over this great country, far from all co-workers in the interests of a liberal faith. Let us have more of these clubs. There is not, indeed there is not a town where this thing cannot be tried, and profitably, if only a little patience and system are put into it. It is pitiful to think of the souls needing this intellectual food, needing this social companionship that has as its means and end something of real value. These clubs are not restricted organizations where only such may be admitted as can stand a certain test or examination. They are for all, and all may find them a help. These suggestions for work may not be found always practicable, but surely enough can be done to interest and benefit the members, and a small class can work profitably together as well as a large one. Even then results will far outrun what any one of the members could have accomplished alone.

As Emerson has said, "The experience of retired men is positive—that we lose our days and are barren of thought

for want of some person to talk with. The understanding can no more empty itself by its own action than can a deal box. And in the higher activity of mind, every new perception is attended with a thrill of pleasure, and the imparting of it to others is also attended with pleasure." These clubs then can do a work, especially in our smaller towns, which no schools are doing, which no books or magazines read alone at home can ever do at all times for the individual, and they can do more than perhaps any one force except that of the church to bring into the minds and hearts, not only of our young people but of older ones, who need such renewal of companionship quite as much, an appreciation of some things in life they might otherwise miss. Clubs are not compelled to study Longfellow and Holmes. They may and do include the study of comparative religions or the history of our own Unitarian faith. There is work enough for them to do in many directions and this is a question each club is well able to decide for itself. In the blanks sent out to the different clubs, one question related to the difficulties experienced in carrying out plans. Perhaps the most real difficulty seems to be this—how to do the best work and yet make the club attractive to those who need its influence. Perhaps the suggestions of unaccustomed work, of systematized plan and of managing the work so as to give each member some active interest may be of some value. One club finds difficulty in getting this systematic work. If committees are appointed and all is planned before the beginning, this ought to be avoided, provided members are interested. Another trouble mentioned is the prejudice against anything which has its origin in the Unitarian church. For this we must have patience, but it certainly seems as if these Unity clubs themselves must be exercising a constant influence against that prejudice. Many of the clubs write that they have members from other denominations, drawn together by interest in the literary and social aims. One or two of the clubs are hardly sectarian at all. An objection of an opposite nature is that the existence of various non-sectarian societies render a Unity Club unnecessary. These other non-sectarian clubs are doubtless doing good work, but the point is just here. Our Unity Clubs are to be literary and social organizations to be sure—but with an added grace, the grace of consecration to a high *religious* purpose as well, and this, I may be pardoned for saying, is not commonly included in the other clubs.

Let me repeat this. It must not be forgotten that the aims of these clubs are not entirely intellectual nor social, but they stand for something higher yet and more comprehensive. We want to make them a power for good in more ways than simply for mental culture. They must have an ethical value as well. They must take the place of trifling, undignified entertainments, intended to support the church and draw into it outsiders merely by virtue of common, superficial attractions. I do not mean by this that our Unity clubs are to banish social entertainments or gatherings from our churches; rather would I have them sensibly include all these, only their influence should not stop here but be constantly used as a power for something better and more lasting than a mere good time. Important as we cannot but consider the intellectual life fostered by these organizations, it is far from constituting all their work. They should be like an arm to the church, exercis-

ing an influence for our liberal faith and rational religion second only to that of the church itself. This is one side of our true missionary work—our higher propagandism.

UNITY CLUB, CHICAGO, 1883-84.

The committee of the above club offers the following foreshadowing of the programme for next season in the hope that the members of the club will conduct their summer reading in this direction. In addition to the poems mentioned, it is hoped that during the coming year the club will be able to familiarize itself with most of Browning's shorter poems. With this end in view it is urged that as many as possible should procure a complete edition of Browning's works.

The season will consist of sixteen sessions, held on alternate Wednesday evenings, beginning October 17.

LOVE.

Love Among the Ruins.
The Flower's Name.
One Word More.
By the Fireside.
The Last Ride Together.
In Three Days, etc.

LOVE AND LONGING.

In a Year.
Two in the Campagna.
Youth and Art.
Confession.
James Lee.
Mary Wollstonecraft.
A Woman's Last Word.
The Lost Mistress.
Le Byron de nos Jours.
Bifurcation, etc.

LOVE-TRAGIC AND DRAMATIC.

Martin Relph.
Count Gismond.
In a Gondola.
A Forgiveness.
Christina and Monaldeschi.
In a Balcony.
The Worst of It.
The Laboratory.
Porphyria's Lover, etc.

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY.

PAULINE.

HEROISM.

Herve Riel.
Echetlos.
Incident of a French Camp.
Pheldippides.
The Patriot.
Muley Kak.

CHILDE ROLAND.

PACCHIAROTTO.

IVAN IVANOVITCH.

AN EPISTLE. (KARSHISH.)

CLEON.

PARACELSUS.

BLOT ON THE SCUTCHEON.

RED COTTON NIGHTCAP COUNTRY.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY.

In addition to this, it is hoped to arrange for papers on The Religion of Browning, The Wit and Humor of Browning, and Browning as a Poet of Nature.

UNITY CLUB DIRECTORY.

The following is as complete a list as we are at present able to give of the Unity Clubs in our circle. All clubs that are omitted from this list, and all in which the address of the Secretary is not given, are requested to send the needed information to this office.

NAMES.	LOCALITY.	FOUNDED.	SECRETARY.
Mutual Imp. Club.....	Janesville, Wis.....	1874..	Miss R. Hatherall.
Unity Club.....	Cincinnati, Ohio.....	1876..	{ E. H. Monteith, Walnut Hills.
Unity Club.....	Buffalo, N. Y.....	1876..	Miss Annie Marsh.
Church of Our Father			
Unity Club.....	St. Paul, Minn. Apr. 1877..		{ Miss Lily A. Long, 443 Carroll St.
Wednesday Ev'ng Club..	San Diego, Cal.....	1878..	
Young People's Liter- ary and Social Club.	Ann Arbor, Mich.....	1878..	Miss C. B. Puckett.
Contemporary Club....	Madison, Wis.....	1880..	{ Miss Abby Stuart, 228 Langdon St.
Humboldt Unity Club..	Humboldt, Iowa.....	1880..	Miss Cora Van Vilson.
Unity Club.....	Bloom'ton, Ill. Sep. 1880..		Miss N. F. Cate.
Unity Reading Club....	Sheffield, Ill., Oct. 1880..		Miss A. Humphrey.
Emerson Class.....	Buda, Ill.....	1881..	Miss Hattie Pierce.
Unity Club.....	Cleveland, O., Dec. 1881..		{ Miss Franc Cady, 176 Euclid Ave.
Unity Club of Hamil- ton Church.....	Oakland, Cal.....	1882..	Mrs. J. H. Smyth.

W. Side Unitar'n Club..	Chicago, Ill.....	1882..	{ Mr. Waite, Warren Av. near Leavitt.
Unity Club.....	Evansville, Ind. Jan. 1882..		Miss Marie E. Walkop.
Biographical Club.....	Minneap. Minn. Oct. 1882..		{ Mrs. D. H. Wright. 1008 Hawthorne Av.
Fortnightly Club.....	Kalamazoo, Mich. 1882..		Miss Nellie May.
Unity Club.....	Quincy, Ill., Jan. 17, 1883..		Miss Cora A. Benneson
Emerson Class.....	St. Louis, Mo.....	1883..	{ No Sec'y, address Rev. J. C. Learned.
Unity Club.....	Chicago, Ill.....	1883..	{ Fred S. White. 3806 Langley Ave.
All Souls Church.....			
Unity Club.....	St. Joseph, Mo.....	1883..	Sam'l N. Cox.
Unity Club.....	Detroit, Mich.....		B. M. Ferris.
Our Young Folks Lit- erary Club.....	Shelbyville, Ill.		
Eclectic Club.....	Davenport, Iowa....		Miss Julia Richardson.
Class for Study of Spencer's Social Statics.....	Omaha, Neb.		
Welcome Club.....	Marietta, Ohio.		
Um-Zoo-Ee.....	Rochester, N. Y.....		{ Hattie T. Bennett. 96 Adams St.
Literary Club.....	Greeley, Col.		
Shakespeare Class.....	St. Louis, Mo.		
Class for Study of Greek Literature.	Denver, Col.		
Class for Study Scan- dinavian History and Literature.....	Minneapolis.		
Literary Society.....	North Platte, Neb.		
Hist. Shakespeare and Eng. Lit. Classes— also Com. Religions.	Des Moines, Iowa.		
Browning Club.....	Madison.		
Historical Read. Club..	Milwaukee, Wis.		
Class for the Study of the Liberal Faith...	Rockford, Ill.		

Notes from the Field.

THE NEW BOSTON.—The old historic Boston like everything else yields to time and growth. Hollis St. Church, a time-honored landmark, has recently been sold. The pleasant edifice was built seventy-two years ago. From its pulpit did the silver tongue of Starr King gather again the audience which the prophetic anathemas of John Pierpont, the fearless reformer, had scattered.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH.—Rev. Rowland Connor is giving in the Unitarian Church of this place a series of five sermons on "Our Homes, and how to make them Happy," with the following subjects: "The Evolution of Home" (Historical); "The Right Kind of a Young Man;" "The Right Kind of a Young Woman;" "The Right Kind of Marriage;" "The Right Kind of Home Life."

IOWA CITY, IOWA.—Joseph Cook has been at this place, plying his usual vocation, viz.: that of kicking at what he calls the "corpse of Unitarianism," and once more he has been answered and demolished in a handsome manner by Rev. Oscar Clute of the Unitarian Church; but like one of the inmates of Valhalla, Joseph will never know the difference and will keep on in the old way. Commenting upon Joseph Cook's relish for his favorite thesis, "Unitarianism is a corpse laid out for decent burial," Mr. Clute says:

It is to be remembered that a corpse is hardly an object which a decent man cares to attack. Respectable men do not go around the country kicking corpses. If Unitarianism is quite dead why should Mr. Cook go out of his way to drag in an attack upon its dead body.

WOMAN PROFESSORS.—President Warren of Boston University in a recent report looks toward the improvement of college work by the appointment of women to professorships. We have wondered why people have been so slow

in thinking of this. The one profession for which woman, has an unquestionable aptitude is that of teacher, and perhaps seventy-five per cent. of the teaching force of America are women and yet the avenues of promotion are closed to them just when the profession becomes both profitable and agreeable as a life's work. The hundreds of would-be colleges throughout our country are burdened with teachers in the shape of immature, non-symmetrical men who have failed as preachers or have been unable to enter other professions, while the country is made bright with women who put into the work of teaching an enthusiasm that is deepened by long experience in our public schools and elsewhere. Why should these fresh-water colleges persist in preferring poor men to good women?

THE SOCIETY FOR MORAL EDUCATION.—The *Alpha*, a paper published in Washington and devoted to the discussion of the delicate but all-important questions of marriage, heredity and personal purity, in its issue of June 1, publishes in full the constitution of the society with the above name, branches of which we believe are already in operation in several of our leading cities and they ought to be found in every town throughout our country. It commends itself not so much on account of the largeness of its name or the happy paper phrasings of its purpose, but upon what we know to be, at least in a few cases, the modesty and directness of some of its methods, resulting in unheralded and unadvertised Mothers' Meetings, in which with the minimum of formality, a few women visit over their high privileges and solemn duties. We make room for the objects of the Society, as expressed in Article II of the constitution:

The objects of this society shall be to provide a better instruction upon the laws of life; to consider the best methods of giving this instruction to children and youth, so that clear moral perceptions, right knowledge, pure thought, elevated tastes, refined feelings, and healthful habits may raise the standard of social purity and lift future generations above the sensuality which is restrained only by fear of discovery; to seek the enactment and enforcement of laws which tend to the removal of vice and the promotion of morality; and to co-operate with other societies established upon this basis throughout the country.

The Study Table.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JESUS; HIS OPINIONS AND CHARACTER. The New Testament Studies of a Layman. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. 1883. pp. 471. Price \$1.50.

DANIEL WEBSTER. By Henry Cabot Lodge. American Statesmen Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. pp. 372. Price \$1.25.

POEMS BY JONES VERY, with an introductory memoir by William P. Andrews. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. pp. xii, 160. Price \$1.50.

THE DOOM OF THE MAJORITY. By Samuel J. Barrows. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1883. pp. 160.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH. By Ernest Renan. Translated by C. B. Pitman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1883. pp. xxii, 355. Cloth \$1.00 Paper 50 cents.

A REPLY TO THE ACADEMY'S REVIEW OF "The Wine Question in the light of the New Dispensation," by John Ellis, M.D. Published by the author at 157 Chambers St., New York. Paper. pp. 270.

BUT YET A WOMAN. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. pp. 348. Price \$1.25.

LITERARY NOTES.

Cupples, Upham & Co. have recently published "The Priest and the Man," a historical novel on the stories of Abelard and Heloise.—In addition to his forthcoming serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. F. Marion Crawford has arranged with Messrs. Macmillan, the publishers of "Mr. Isaacs," for the simultaneous publication in this country and in England of a new novel to be called "Dr. Claudius,"

the scene of which will be laid partly in Germany, where Mr. Crawford spent some years of student life, and partly in the United States.—Mrs. Millicent Ganett Fawcett, the wife of the blind English statesman, has written the chapter on the woman suffrage movement in England for the book on the "Woman Question in Europe," soon to be published by the Putnams.—Mr. Longfellow's poem, "Michael Angelo," is to be illustrated by Mr. Louis Ritter.—"Imagination" and other essays by George MacDonald, with an introduction by Dr. A. P. Peabody, will be issued by D. Lothrop & Co. in a few days.—An English "Book about Roses," which has reached its seventh edition, is offered to American readers. S. Reynolds Hale is the author.—The "Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes" which has been some time in preparation is nearly ready at D. Lothrop & Co.'s. It is claimed that Dr. Holmes has favored the author with such data as will render the volume very full in fresh matter and authentic.—Henry Holt & Co. are publishing Theodore Winthrop's novels in their Leisure Moment series. "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent" have already appeared.—Mr. Joel Chandler Harris is writing a new series of his Uncle Remus stories, many of which will appear in the *Century* before they are issued in book form.—There is a report that Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, the favorite niece of the author, is going to write something about her uncle.—The new Riverside edition of Emerson will contain two volumes of his essays, never before published.—"Sermons by Richard Metcalf" is the title of an attractive collection of fourteen discourses selected from a series preached in the Unitarian church at Winchester, Mass.—Whoever has the curiosity to read a vigorous argument to prove that the early chapters of Genesis are in all respects infallible, should take up McIlvaine's "Wisdom of Holy Scripture," published by the Scribners.—In the next number of the *Century* will appear several letters written by Emerson soon after he left Harvard.—John Wiley & Sons will publish immediately a rearranged and revised edition of Vol. II. of their Ruskin's "Modern Painters," which contains Mr. Ruskin's criticisms of his own methods, and is hence a unique work.

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883. pp. 564. Price \$1.50.

That Mrs. Burnett wrote this, her latest novel, with a noble purpose, we cannot doubt, but we do question the wisdom of devoting five hundred and sixty-four pages to the contemplation of unwholesome states of mind, disjointed morality and low political intrigue. Why should the novel-reader pass hours in familiar intercourse with the hollowness, worldliness and frivolity of certain phases of fashionable life in order to be warned against their dangers? The most attractive part of the book may be found in the opening pages, in which Bertha, the heroine, comes home from boarding-school, in an eager flutter of joyous anticipation, and with ample preparations to "come out." Her father, a learned scientist, is so filled with respectful curiosity about his daughter, that, after he has carefully examined her through his spectacles during several meals, he gives her the impression that he is going to classify her as he does his beetles. She asks playfully if he cannot give her a label without a pin, and his mournful reply that this would be impossible, indicates the torture life holds in store for one of her temperament. Later her father says of her, "She is going to be a clever woman. For her sake I am sorry to see it. She is going to be the kind of clever woman who has nine chances out of ten of being a desperate pain to herself while she is a pleasure to her friends." As the story goes on, Bertha marries a man whom she does not love, but whom she fears may come to harm if his apparently absorbing affection for her be unrequited. In the moment when her fate must be decided,

and shortly after marriage, when she learns too surely that her husband's love for her is merely one of the many surface enthusiasms of his shallow nature, she longs for some communion with Philip Tredennis, a distant relative, who was her father's guest when she returned from school, and who gave her that first bouquet of heliotrope, which she will always keep. Philip has loved her from the first, with a pure, strong, unselfish love, and he watches over her in sundry real and supposed dangers, willing to shield her at any cost to himself, not knowing that he is warming to life the love she had long borne for him without being herself fully aware of it. Not until Richard, Bertha's husband, becomes disgraced by the exposure of a dishonorable scheme of which his wife has been made the unconscious assistant, and runs away from home, do Bertha and Philip have their eyes opened to the cause of each other's often enigmatical conduct. Our sympathies go out warmly to Philip, though why he made no effort, beyond that one floral tribute, to win Bertha before it was too late, it would be difficult to determine. As for Bertha, she struggles hard to free her heart from its unlawful love, but makes no effort to put anything but frivolous excitement in its place; she prides herself on doing her duty to her husband and children, but her idea of doing her duty to them seems to be merely to keep them amused. Poor Bertha! we may pity her because she was neither strong enough nor wise enough to make the best of her lot, we may feel tenderly for her, as her old father did, but we cannot think it desirable to follow her through the feverish, poisoned social atmosphere she draws about her, and to dwell lingeringly on every minute variation of the love of this married woman for a man who is not her husband. And so we lay down the book, feeling that notwithstanding all its fine points, all its good intentions, it is filled with a dangerous malaria, and that the mind had better take a cold bath after reading it, to get clear of its influences.

A. F.

ORIGIN AND DESTINY and other Sermons by John W. Chadwick. George H. Ellis, Boston. 1883. pp. 341. \$1.00.

Another book of sermons comes to us from Rev. John W. Chadwick, freighted with earnest thoughts on the problems of the hour. Many of his sermons are more interesting than most essays and ought to reach a class of people whom ordinary church discourse do not touch. We wish that those who are troubled by the continually widening acceptance of the so-called evolution theory, and distrust all arguments for it, failing to find them either conclusive or beautiful, might read the opening sermon, "Origin and Destiny," which gives the name to the book, and find in it the assurance that human nature can only gain in dignity and honor "for every mighty period through which the infinite patience" has been feeling its way through lower forms up to man as he is now, and that "as the origin must be commensurate with the fact evolved, the destiny must be the same."

One sermon which has had considerable circulation in tract form is "The Conceit of Science." It is a vindication of the conscientious, painstaking procedures of the true scientific man, wherein there can be no conceit nor the shadow of assumption, as contrasted with the popular enthusiast who follows after and is quite as dogmatic in his assertions of the infallibility of science as the popular re-

ligionist is in his belief regarding the infallibility of the Bible. From this Mr. Chadwick leads us on to consider the worth and infinity of the real life, in the make-up of which science is but one of the many factors, helping on, not antagonistic to nor inconsistent with the higher religion, which we are trying to comprehend.

The sermon entitled "Work and Rest" is probably the one which will come nearest to the hearts of the men and women who read this book. It touches in a simple, hopeful way sensitive chords in every-day life, and ought to scatter thoughts that shall some day blossom out in lives more restful in their work and more faithful to their own ideals.

A lovable characteristic of Mr. Chadwick is his poetic insight into nature—his loving appreciation of the lessons in pansies and forget-me-nots, the strength that "granite shores and mountain ledges and briny waves and sunburnt pastures and odorous woods" have given us. This love of nature comes out again and again. We like, too, the confident ring of his conclusions in such sermons as "New Testament Inspiration"—"The Incarnation" and the Higher Unitarianism."

The sermons have all been published by themselves in tract form, and copies can be had for six cents each. It is hoped that they may have a wide circulation. E. E. M.

AN INDEX TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE. Third edition. By W. F. Poole, LL. D. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. 1882. pp. 1442. \$15.00.

The truest way to read is topically. The best encyclopedia on matters of literature and questions of the day is found in the combined pages of the periodicals and the reviews. This work guides one's reading on the above-mentioned plan and makes available the material in this encyclopedia. This work is truly monumental in its extent, permanence, value and the amount of labor bestowed upon it. Mr. Poole began the work thirty-five years ago when a student in Yale College, and once taken up, it has never really been laid down. It has been brought to its present completeness through the aid of fifty-one different librarians, under the immediate direction of Mr. Poole himself. It contains a topical index to all the magazine and review articles of any note published in the English language up to date of issue, making a total number of 6,205 volumes, mostly of monthlies and quarterlies. To collect as many bound copies, as circumstances will permit, of these magazines and periodicals, and to place in their midst a copy of Poole's Index would constitute a wiser basis for a Public Library than most of the easy-going collections of current books which represent such beginnings. It is no longer a question of how to get people to read in most of the Northern towns of the United States, but the far more difficult question of how to get them to read to some purpose.

Ye are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will; that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.—Edwin Arnold.

Life is a mirror; if you frown at it, it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting.—Thackeray.

Life has a purpose and each day perfects it; flowers are sweet, but the crowning work is fruit—so the crowning of our lives is usefulness.

Little Unity.

ELLEN T. LEONARD, Editor, Hyde Park, Ill.

Associate Editors.

MISS CORA H. CLARKE, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

MRS. K. G. WELLS, 155 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

It is the object of these columns to increase the interest of the young reader in finding "What to see" in this wonderful world about us, and in deciding "What to do" toward the making of a true and useful life. Also to assist others, Sunday-school Teachers, and all others who have the privilege of helping and training children to find the soul of all life in the things which are to be seen and to be done around us.

READING AND THINKING.

When you are reading by yourself, and come to something you do not understand, what do you do about it? Do you skip it without an attempt to know what it means? Do you call out and ask mother or sister to tell you about it, or do you think it over yourself, at least until you are quite sure it is beyond you, before you ask any help? The more you can pick out the meaning alone, the better you will remember what you have read, the more readily you will get the meaning of the next hard place you come to, and the more you will enjoy your book. Perhaps it is an allusion to some person or place you do not know of; or it is only a word, the loss of whose meaning spoils the whole sentence for you and leaves it a blank in your thought. Have your little dictionary-stand conveniently near the bookcase, and an inviting chair close by. Then you will find it no effort to look up words when they are new to you. The encyclopedia in the bookcase will explain the interest of the allusion made to person or place, and an atlas or globe should be within reach, to help you fix places in your memory. If you think this sounds as if it were only for the oldest of our readers, it is a great mistake. Any of you who are eight or ten years old, and can read to yourselves, can also learn to look up the hard words in the dictionary. Says a writer in the *Commonwealth*, "It is a good thing for a boy to read, but it is a better thing for him to think—to endeavor to create within himself that from which all the best books emanate—thought! The poorest and smallest effort in this direction is better than taking for granted, and swallowing wholesale, entire libraries of the thoughts of others."

So don't keep skipping the hard places, or you will get in the same way the man did, who every time he came to a tough knot, in splitting his firewood, tossed it off into the further corner of the shed. Perhaps he began by thinking he would split them all when he had more time. But he, very naturally, never had more time,—or inclination,—and the result was that the pile kept growing. Then instead of putting the knots into shape for use, he bought more wood and treated that the same way. It was not long, as you may suppose, before there was no more room for the good fuel, which had been reduced to a usable condition, and he must either leave his firewood out in the rain, or tackle the knots. Did

you ever try to build a fire, and get breakfast, with wet wood? It is as discouraging as trying to build the fires of your own daily action with the thoughts of other people, unless you have taken them, knots and all, into your own woodshed, wrestled with them, and got them into shape for use.

FLORENCE.

ANNA L. PARKER.

Sparkling eyes, busy feet,
Merry laugh, caresses sweet,
Little Florence!

I wonder as down life's pathway she goes
Will she pluck the violet, or the rose
Be found in her tresses of nut-brown hair
And lending its gracefully regal air,
To Florence.

Little sprite, never at rest,
Twit'ring bird in its nest,
Happy Florence!

I wonder when birdie spreads wings and flies
With joyous carols to other bright skies,
Will life seem as sweet, as full of delight,
The morning as glad, as peaceful the night,
Without Florence?

Slowly pass with lingering tread,
Youth's glad years, and blessings shed
Over Florence,

Roses and violets, lend her your charm;
Love, tenderly guard and keep her from harm;
And childlike innocence and peace serene,
Be womanhood's crown for our fairy, our queen.
God bless Florence.

THE NEST OF THE VIREO.

Of all the nests, robins' excepted, those of the vireos most abounded. We found them everywhere, in all woods, and by all waters, and we made quite a collection of the deserted ones; they seemed too pretty to be left behind, and as the owners had no further use for them, we cut off the branches and brought them home.

All the vireos build hanging nests, the material for the framework being much the same, while the lining and the outer finish vary greatly. The place oftenest selected is toward the end of some flexible bough of a tree, or on an Alder or Witch-hazel, or some such withy kind of wood. The bird begins in the angle where two small stems separate like the letter V, winding around them for a distance of perhaps three or four inches narrow ribbons of some tough inner bark which she knows best where to collect. She knots these fibres by one of those bird nooses which no human hands can either tie or untie, and then sticks them fast by some gluey secretion which she has among her own personal resources. And the result is that no winds or rains are able to detach these pensile structures from

their fastenings till they are beaten and rotted to rags. In addition to this the prudent builder makes security doubly strong by looping her cords to out-lying twigs, just as tent ropes are stretched to the pins.

Next she fashions within this framework an oval basket, which hangs from its rim like a tiny hand-net, made strong as a hempen web and as elastic and springy as if woven with hair; and now the most essential part being done, she seems to cast her eyes about to see what there is lying around for finishing, appropriating almost any soft and pretty thing she sees. In one we found strong fibres of black sheep's wool, in another strands of bright-colored shawl fringe; in some of them were pieces of newspaper with the reading still fresh and distinct, so that the occupant had ample means of indulging her literary taste while tending her little ones.—*Field, Wood and Meadow Rambles, A. B. Harris.*

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

II.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For who hath sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

III.

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke,
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

H. W. Longfellow.

THE CUCKOO.

I am sure in our Northern woods it would be hard to find another such stylish bird; with her long and slender form, her fine long bill, and long, handsome tail, she is certainly what might be called "very distinguished looking." And then her movements are so dignified and composed, and she has such a high-bred air, that she is the lady among the feathered people of our region. Then, again, her attire is in such perfect harmony with this symmetry of proportion and stateliness of manner as to give her an appearance of refinement or delicacy—which may be true of her character or it may not; I am speaking on the strength of an acquaintance formed and matured in two interviews, during which her behavior was charming. We studied her for an hour that morning. She had no fear of us, and would immediately have returned to her nest, but her mate, who had at once appeared, kept up cautionary signals. After flying a few yards away, she gradually dismissed the distance

between us by slipping from bough to bough, so noiselessly that we could not so much as hear the rustle of her wings, and then sat placidly regarding us, just where the sunshine fell on her ashen white breast, making it wave and glisten like watered silk, and on the brown of her wings and tail, which glowed as if they had been bronzed.—*Field, Wood and Meadow Rambles, A. B. Harris.*

Hallie Hutchinson, a little girl nine years old, is probably the youngest operator in the world. She lives in Texas, and has charge of the telegraph office in the town. One end of her table is piled with dolls and other playthings, with which she amuses herself when not at work. At one time, when the election returns were coming in, and men were greatly excited to learn the latest news, the office was filled with a crowd who greatly admired the ease and rapidity with which the little girl managed the wires.—*Woman's Journal.*

MEMORIZING SCRIPTURE.—It has its place in Sunday-school teaching. But teachers should not be satisfied with correct recitation either of Scripture or catechism. It is always less important than knowledge of the meaning of Scripture acquired by study. Schopenhauer well says, "Truth that is received merely, and committed to memory, sticks to man's organization like an artificial limb, a false tooth, a wax nose. * * But knowledge gained by one's own thinking resembles the natural limb: it alone belongs to us fully."—*Well Spring.*

Perhaps the most wonderful Sunday-school in the world is that at Stockport, in Great Britain. It recently celebrated its ninety-ninth anniversary. It has four hundred teachers and forty-five hundred scholars, and about ninety-five thousand children have been at one time or another members of it.—*Well Spring.*

A BIT OF POTTERY.

The potter stood at his daily work,
One patient foot on the ground;
The other, with never-slackening speed
Turning his swift wheel round.

Silent we stood beside him there,
Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,
Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a common flower-pot,
But perfect in fashioning.

Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired;
"No, marm, it isn't the foot that kicks;
The one that stands gets tired!"

—Sel.

Conferences.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

MINUTES OF MEETING OF THE COUNCIL.

CHICAGO, May 15, 1883.

The Council met in the vestry of Unity Church. Present, Messrs. Batchelor, Bellows, Clark, Hosmer, Kidder, Sunderland, Thayer. Absent, Messrs. Eaton, Hale, Miss Channing, Mrs. Hooper. In the absence of Mr. Hale, Mr. Kidder was called to the chair.

The Secretary reported that the following sums of money had been contributed from various sources for the purposes recommended by the last National Conference:—

1. To raise the debt of the New Orleans Church.....	\$15,000
2. To complete the new Endowment Fund of the Meadville Theological School.....	15,000
3. For the Unitarian College at Klausenburg, Hungary.....	10,500
4. For Rev. A. D. Mayo's Educational Work in the South....	3,000
5. To help build churches at Madison and Des Moines.....	500
6. For the general purposes of the American Unitarian Association,	\$42,000
Bequests	23,000
Total.....	\$109,000

The Unitarian Club of Boston has also raised one hundred and twenty thousand dollars toward a fund of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars needed for the erection of a new denominational house. Adding this sum to the amount raised for other purposes, we have a grand total of two hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars raised since May 1, 1882, for various denominational purposes.

The Council Committee on the question of a Liberal School for Girls, at West Bridgewater, Mass., reported that through their co-operation the Trustees of the Howard Fund, at West Bridgewater, had secured the services of Miss Helen McGill, a graduate of Newnham College, Cambridge, England, as principal of a seminary for girls, to be opened next October in the Howard school building. The Council had been requested to appoint a board of twelve visitors of the school, six ladies and six gentlemen.

The present condition of the Wade School enterprise was fully discussed; and, on motion of Mr. Thayer, the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

Resolved, That the Council of the National Conference urgently recommend to the Committee of the Conference, to whom was referred the proposition of Mr. J. H. Wade to establish a School of Theology at Cleveland, the immediate appointment of one or more agents to ascertain by personal canvass what, if any, sums can be raised, whether in the Unitarian fellowship or elsewhere, for meeting the conditions prescribed by Mr. Wade for the establishment of this school.

On motion of Mr. Sunderland, the following resolution was passed:—

Resolved, That the Council recommend to the Committee appointed at Saratoga to secure money for churches at Des Moines and Madison the immediate placing of an agent or agents in the field to raise the ten thousand dollars needed, paying the expenses of the agents, if necessary.

The Secretary presented a series of proposed amendments to the by-laws of the American Unitarian Association, embodying the suggestions made by Mr. D. B. Eaton at the last session of the National Conference. In offering this new draft of by-laws, Mr. Bellows reminded the Council that the whole question of measures needed to secure the more effective co-operation of the National Conference and the American Unitarian Association is still in the hands of a special committee appointed by the Conference at the session of 1880. Notwithstanding this action of the Conference, the Association clearly has it in its power, by timely legislation, to settle this difficult question in a way likely to be acceptable to a majority of the friends of both organizations, and so probably avoid the necessity of pro-

longed discussion of the main question at the next session of the Conference.

On motion of Mr. Batchelor, the Council voted that the Secretary's proposed amendments should be printed, and respectfully referred for consideration to the American Unitarian Association, and to the special committee on the subject appointed by the National Conference.

The question of the need of one or more first-class missionaries, to be kept constantly in the field, was briefly discussed. Such a man, it was agreed, should be of recognized ability and general fitness for the work; and his business should be to move about, with a roving commission from the American Unitarian Association, and under the general direction of its Secretary,—a sort of untitled bishop, with ability and authority to offer counsel and help of all sorts to new and struggling churches, to break ground in new fields, etc. The Secretary of the Association has no time for such work, but sorely needs such a first-class helper on horseback, more especially in the Western work.

The Council voted that, in its judgment, the payment of the traveling expenses of members of the Council in attendance upon regular meetings ought to be provided for by the Conference, and that, subject to the approval of the next meeting of the Conference, these expenses should henceforth be paid out of the Conference treasury.

The meeting then adjourned, to meet next September at the time and place of meeting of the Ministers' Institute.

RUSSELL N. BELLOW, *General Secretary*.

The Exchange Table.

PAUL AND JESUS.—But Mr. Cook's failure to prove "the downfall of the mythical theory" should in no wise trouble good men or Christians. The mythical theory came not to harm, but to help religion. In his new autobiographical sketches, Renan says that after he gave up belief in miracles, Christianity seemed to him "greater than ever." Christianity is indeed glorified by the theory which shows that its monstrosities are but myths, and that behind it were true men.

Paul was a nobler man than the church or Mr. Cook has made him. He was indeed too much given to "visions," and quite too independent of the other apostles, and so laid the foundation of a theology about Jesus which they doubtless would have denied. But the worst of the church doctrines and myths must not be charged to him. And with all his visions, he shows that he has caught the central truth of Jesus' teaching; for above miracles, above ecstasies and speaking with tongues, above prophesy and apostleship, above faith and hope and all other spiritual gifts,—he ranks charity, in that sublime passage in this letter to the Corinthians. It was Paul, too, who most fought against the narrow national and ritual tendency seen in the apostles at Jerusalem, and who as apostle to the Gentiles gave Christianity its breadth.

But still higher does Jesus rise above the rank which priests or Paul has given him. That simple teacher in Galilee is diviner than the preachers' Trinity; that man slain in Judæa is more glorious than Paul's risen Messiah. There was a better Jesus than Paul's vision revealed. The author of "Supernatural Religion" says: "The life and teaching of Jesus have scarcely a place in the system of Paul. Had he been dependent upon him we should have had no idea of the great master who preached the sermon on the mount, and embodied pure truths in parables of such luminous simplicity. His noble morality would have remained unknown, and his lessons of incomparable spiritual excellence have been lost to the world. Paul sees no significance in that life, but concentrates all interest in the death and resurrection of his Messiah." We will be grateful for these epistles of Paul; but more so for those sentences and life-stories which other apostles, though with narrower minds and many misinterpretations and growing myths, were treasuring in their traditions. Not the dogmas and myths about Jesus, but that humanity in him which these

could not hide, has been the blessing in Christianity. And seeing how much better it is for religion to dismiss its supernatural apostles and useless demigods to the realms of mythology, and to restore us Peter and Paul and Jesus in all the glory of their natural manhood,—we will be thankful that we can still keep the mythical theory.—*From a Sermon by H. M. Simmons, on "The Mythical Theory," and Joseph Cook's Treatment of it.*

Announcements.

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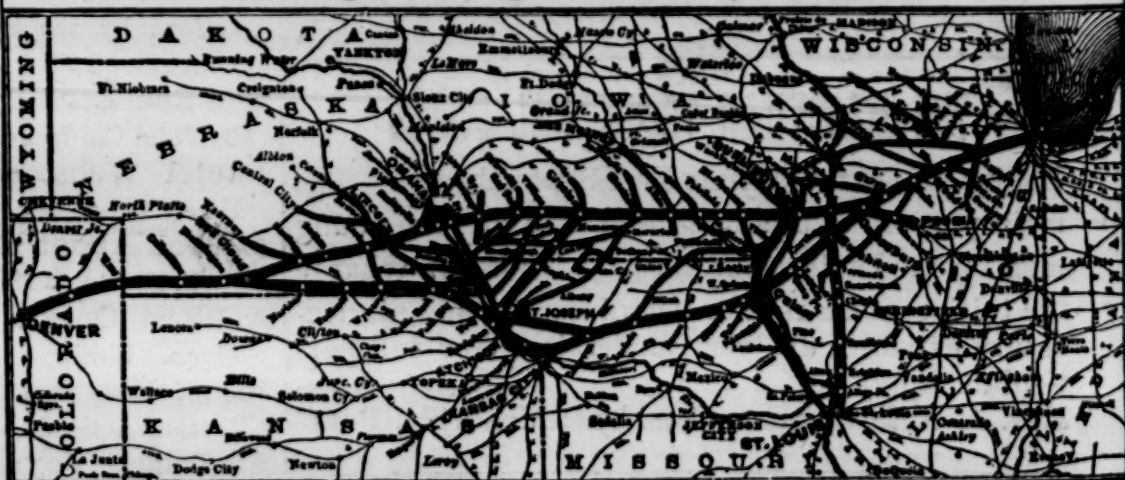
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